the internal, a sense of which peculiarity drew on Byron some ridicule. I mean that it was the intention of Nature, that neither should ever grow fat, but remain a Cassius in the commonwealth. And both these heads are taken, while they were at an early age, and so thin as to be still beautiful. This head of Napoleon is of a stern beauty. A head must be of a style either very stern or very chaste, to make a deep impression on the beholder; there must be a great force of will and withholding of resources, giving a sense of depth below depth, which we call sternness; or else there must be that purity, flowing as from an inexhaustible fountain through every lineament, which drives far off or converts all baser natures. Napoleon’s head is of the first description; it is stern, and not only so, but ruthless. Yet this ruthlessness excites no aversion; the artist has caught its true character, and given us here the Attila, the instrument of fate to serve a purpose not his own. While looking on it, came full to mind the well known lines —

"Speak gently of his crimes. Who knows, Scourge of God, but in His eyes those crimes Were virtues."

His brows are tense and damp with the dews of thought. In that head you see the great future, careless of the black and white stones; and even when you turn to the voluptuous beauty of the mouth, the impression remains so strong, that Russia’s snows, and mountains of the slain, seem the tragedy that must naturally follow the appearance of such an actor. You turn from him, feeling that he is a product not of the day, but of the ages, and that the ages must judge him.

Near him is a head of Ennius, very intellectual; self-centered and self-fed; but wrung and gnawed by unceasing thoughts. Yet even near the Ennius and Napoleon, our American men look worthy to be perpetuated in marble or bronze, if it were only for their air of calm upholding sagacity. If the young American were to walk up an avenue lined with such effigies, he might not feel called to such greatness as the strong Roman wrinkles tell of, but he must feel that he could not live an idle life, and should nerve himself to lift an Atlas weight without repining or shrinking.

The busts of Everett and Allston, though admirable as everyday likenesses, deserved a genius of a different order from Cleverger. Cleverger gives the man as he is at the moment, but does not show the possibilities of his existence. Even thus seen the head of Mr. Everett brings back all the age of Pericles, so refined and classic is its beauty. The two busts of Mr. Webster by Cleverger and Powers are the difference between prose, healthy, and energetic prose indeed, but still prose, and poetry. Cleverger’s is such as we see Mr. Webster on any public occasion, when his genius is not called forth. No child could fail to recognize it in a moment. Powers’s is not so good as a likeness, but has the higher merit of being an ideal of the orator and statesman at a great moment. It is quite an American Jupiter in its eagle calmness of conscious power.

Of the groups many are our old friends, and have been noticed elsewhere. The sleeping Cleopatra cannot be looked at enough, always her sleep seems sweeter and more graceful, always more wonderful the drapery. A little Psyche, by a pupil of Bartolini, pleases us much thus far. The forehead sweetness with which she sits there, crouched down like a bruised butterfly, and the languid tenacity of her mood are very touching. The Mercury and Ganymede with the Eagle by Thorwaldsen are still as fine as on first acquaintance. Thorwaldsen seems the grandest and simplest of modern sculptors. There is a breadth in his thought, a freedom in his design, we do not see elsewhere.

A Spaniel by Got shows great talent and knowledge of the animal. The head is admirable; it is so full of playfulness and dogish knowingness. But it is impossible in a short notice to particularize farther. For each of these objects, that claims attention at all, deserves a chapter to express the thoughts it calls out. Another year we hope to see them all again, and then to have space and time to do them such honor as feeling would prompt to-day.

We hope the beauty of the following lines, suggested to a "friend and correspondent" by a picture now in the Athens Gallery, called "The Dream," may atone for the brevity and haste of our little notice.

"The Dream." A youth, with gentle brow and tender cheek, Dreams in a place so silent; that no bird, No rustle of the leaves his slumbers break; Only soft tinkling from the stream is heard, As its bright little waves flow forth to greet The beauteous One, and play upon his feet.

On a low bank beneath the thick shade thrown, Soft gleams over his brown hair are flitting, His golden plumes, bending, all lovely shone; It seemed an angel’s home where he was sitting; Erect beside a silver lily grew; And over all the shadow its sweet beauty threw.
Dreams he of life? O, then a noble maid
Toward him floats, with eyes of starry light,
In richest robes all radiantly arrayed
To be his lady and his dear delight.
Ah no! the distance shows a winding stream;
No lovelv lady comes, no starry eyes do gleam.
Cold is the air, and cold the mountains blue;
The banks are brown, and men are lying there,
Meagre and old.
But what have they to do
With joyous visions of a youth so fair?
He must not ever sleep as they are sleeping,
Onward through life he should be ever sweeping.
Let the pale glimmering distance pass away;
Why in the twilight art thou slumbering there?
Wake and come forth into triumphant day,
Thy life and deeds must all be great and fair;
Canst thou not from the lily learn true glory,
Pure, lofty, lowly?—Such should be thy story.
But no! I see thou lov'st the deep-eyed Past,
And thy heart cling'st to sweet remembrances.
In dim cathedral-aisle thou'll linger last
And fill thy mind with flitting fantasies.
Yet know, dear One, the world is rich to-day,
And the unceasing God gives glory forth away.